

## The Hero of Petticoat Pass

By J. O. Fagan

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The shortest route between the high veldt and the Leydenburg gold fields winds through a long kloof or gorge which, once upon a time, was the scene of a very remarkable battle. On account of the sulphurous smells from numerous hot springs and the weird electrical discharges, visible at night between its ironstone cliffs and pinnacles, the kloof itself was originally known as Satan's Firebox. But later when, in the war with the Macatees, the Boers were routed and one night upwards of 100 women and children, hotly pursued by a regiment of Kaffirs, fled screaming through the kloof, the name was significantly changed to Petticoat pass.

But, although the pass was usually interesting, its inhabitants were vastly more so. Between the southern gateway at Steelpoort and its northern outlet, near Leydenburg, a wonderfully intelligent race of baboons has lived for centuries high up among the iron-clad precipices. In course of time the white hunter came along with his deadly rifle and occasionally picked one of them off the rocks, just for the fun of the thing, and when the Kaffirs took a notion to poison them for the sake of their teeth, then the baboons in Petticoat pass were driven to defend themselves. In a word, they began to throw stones. So long as the wagons and the horsemen kept moving all was well, but when they loitered or stopped the whirling of pebbles through the air, and occasionally the appearance of enormous bowlders cut loose from the crags above and shot down through the air like cannon balls, never failed to remind the loiterers that they were trespassers.

In their intercourse with the outside world the baboons made no distinction between black and white until one day an event took place that practically closed the pass to the black races forever.

At the Steelpoort end of the pass the Kaffirs began to encroach. They built huts and planted gardens on the fertile slopes near the portal. With angry demonstrations the baboons protested, but the Kaffirs were indifferent to the clamor. But when the sugar cane ripened the baboons in the night time swooped down from the crags and helped themselves to what they considered their rightful share of the harvest, whereupon the Kaffirs, who thoroughly understood the peculiarities of baboon nature, played upon them a villainous trick.

One day, in plain sight of their enemies, who were watching them from the heights above, the Kaffirs brought a number of large calabashes filled with a poisonous liquid and placed them in a row in one of the gardens. Then they went through the form of pretending to wash their faces with the stuff, after which they left the calabashes in the gardens and departed. Watching their opportunity, the baboons came down to investigate the business and, being unable to restrain their hereditary impulse to imitate the proceedings of others, they forthwith washed their faces in the poison and scampered away again. In a short time the venom began to work, the flesh fell from their faces, and finally a number of them died in great agony.

For many days afterwards travelers through the kloof reported an extraordinary state of affairs. There was much excitement and jabbering and much pitiful crying and calling to each other from cliff to cliff. But when the period of mourning was over the baboons settled down to business—the business of war. The preparations they made for hostilities with the Kaffirs were astonishing. Baboons were summoned from far and near, and the population in the kloof was soon doubled. They divided themselves into companies under leaders. They worked like beavers, and before long huge cairns of stones appeared at intervals along the route, and at places where the crags rose almost perpendicularly from the roadway great bowlders were rolled to the edge of the precipices, and even ledges were undermined and made ready to slide down and overwhelm the invaders.

From the day when these arrangements were completed the baboons paid no attention whatever to white men, and after two or three unfortunate Kaffirs had been stoned to death and torn to pieces the black race gave Petticoat pass an extremely wide berth. Consequently, the spider-like watchers up in their fastnesses had a long time to wait, but the whirligig of time brings about its opportunities for revenge, even to baboons.

Just outside the Steelpoort end of the pass Max Pincus, a German trader, conducted a small store for the accommodation of travelers. On the day the baboons were poisoned, Max was riding through the kloof, and came across a little boy baboon, whose face was terribly burned by the action of the acid. The little fellow was crying piteously, and Max took him up in his arms and carried him to the store, where Max's mother, who had some knowledge of remedies, doctoring him so successfully that his eyesight was saved. For several months her curious little patient was very shy and wild, but the good woman was indefatigable in her efforts to tame him, and finally she was rewarded with astonishing success. As the young baboon grew up he became very much attached to his benefactress, and there was no mistaking his gratitude.

But one morning, to the great surprise of Mother Pincus, a young lady baboon came down from the hills and began to make love to Stoffel. Nearly a week passed before she finally triumphed and led him away.

The following morning, however, he returned, and after watching him for a day or two, Mother Pincus concluded that considerable business was mixed up with his love affair. Indeed, the Boers, who relate almost incredible

stories about the intelligence of these colored baboons, claim that the embassy of the maiden was merely a trick to seduce him from his allegiance to his benefactress and that, on his first visit to the kloof, Stoffel was immediately appointed to the leadership of the baboon army on account of his preeminent intelligence and knowledge of the outside world.

One day a horseman galloped up to the store and reported that war had broken out between the Boers and the Macatees and that the baboons in the pass were evidently aware of the fact, for swarms of them were coming down from the heights and were preparing for trouble. Ten days later the Boers were defeated with considerable loss at Johannes Kop and, encouraged by the tidings, the Maepok Kaffirs flew to arms and rushed up the valley towards Steelpoort, burning and slaying. At their approach the women and children on the farms fled in terror, and just before nightfall nearly 100 of these panic-stricken refugees entered the pass, with a large commando of Kaffirs close at their heels.

The story of the encounter that followed between the baboons and the Kaffirs is derived partly from the account of the Boer women, but principally from a survey of the battlefield on the following day. A few of



Reported That War Had Broken Out.

the hindmost of the refugees had already been captured when, in passing through a narrow defile, the Kaffirs were assailed by a fierce rain of stones from the surrounding cliffs. Undismayed, the Kaffir pressed on, but the roadway beneath them had been undermined, and when enormous bowlders, falling hundreds of feet through the air, smashed through the thin crust, great pits were laid bare, into which the Kaffirs floundered, and were then mercilessly pelted with fusillades of sharp-pointed rocks. But the real fighting occurred when the Kaffirs, filled with dismay at the carnage that ensued in the pits, endeavored to retreat.

On the following morning a very pathetic sequel to the battle occurred when Stoffel, grievously wounded, dragged himself back to his old home at the store. It was a painful and useless journey, for the buildings had been burned to the ground and nothing remained but the smoldering embers. But Stoffel had come home for a definite purpose. He at once began to scrape and dig among the ruins until he succeeded in finding a few rags and a small bottle containing some liquid. Tenderly he stanching the flow of blood with the rags and emptied some of the fluid into the wound. Feeling no better from the application, he sought other rags and another bottle. His faith in the remedy was supreme. In this way his eyes had been cured, and in many other cases he had witnessed the successful application of rags and bottles. But, growing weaker and weaker, his thoughts naturally turned to his kind foster-mother. Despairingly, he glanced from side to side. Many a time he had watched for her homecoming. Then he tucked his pitiful face under his forearm and curled himself up, just like a dog going to sleep. Looking down upon him you could have counted the almost imperceptible heart beats under the gray, shaggy covering—one, two, three—and then Stoffel, the hero of Petticoat pass, was dead.

Out for a Drink.

"In no branch of the government service are employees so rigorously docked for absence as in the postoffice," said one of them the other day. "Working hours are kept track of even to the merest fraction; so that last week when, ten minutes before closing time, a clerk was summoned home because his child was dying, his absence counted from the moment he received the message. But for all this strictness they have never stopped a certain near-sighted old Irishman in my department from going out for a drink. He is willing to lose pay any day rather than remain thirsty, and he works the most amusingly childish game of getting out. About twice a week this hot weather he comes to my desk blinking painfully and thrusts under my nose a pair of old-fashioned steel spectacles minus one lens. 'There, sir,' he says, rubbing his eyes, 'I've broken me specs ag'in and divil a thing can I see till I run out and git them mended!' So I smile and mark him absent. In half an hour he's back to report, perfectly unabashed at his telltale breath, and gazing innocently at me through the smart gold rimmed pince-nez he always wears."

Novel Parasol Handles.

Among the novel handles seen on the parasols this season is a stick supporting a frame covered with vivid green taffeta. The parasol is perfectly plain, save for a hemstitching a couple of inches above the edge, and the handle of a dull black wood, rather thick as sticks go, with carving of a black cat, fully as large as a natural kitten, at the end. The cat had immense green eyes. The fact of the animal being flat made it possible to carry the sunshade comfortably. The price is \$4.50.

Inexpensive Frock.

When one wishes to make up a frock from the inexpensive striped or colored lawn in a simple model there is nothing prettier than a skirt pulled into the belt and tucked about the bottom; the waist made in baby effect and topped by a perfectly plain yoke made from white dotted swiss. The outer edge can be cut into battlements and trimmed with a little lace frill; the sleeves, elbow length, confined with cuffs matching the yoke. This combination will be much prettier than a cheap lace.

Winter Millinery.

The advance models in winter millinery strike out no absolutely new notes and, indeed, novelty would be difficult after a season of such variety as has been shown this summer. The first fall hats sit low upon the coiffure, after the fashion with which we have become familiar, and many of them are very large and low, though odd little high crowned shapes and curious director's bonnets such as the late summer has brought forth are included among the new fashions.

## Beauty of the Ostrich Plume

By Julia Bottomley.



No. 1. A panama, trimmed with ostrich and velvet.  
No. 2. Midsummer model trimmed with not edged with silk braid.  
No. 3. Smart street hat trimmed with striped ribbon and straw ornaments.

SOME interesting facts come to light when one is looking up the subject of ostrich feathers. It is profitable to become acquainted with these. The ungainly bird of fine plumage, whose splendor we borrow and improve upon, is grown in South Africa and in our own country. South African species furnish the best quality of feathers. The birds are plucked for their plumes once in every eight months or three times in two years.

London is the great central market for raw feathers. Buyers generally go there to obtain their stocks and buy the feathers which have been sorted into different grades and sell at so much per pound.

It is curious to observe the features that make a plume more or less valuable. It is the practiced eye alone that can observe all the points of difference. Width of the flues, quality of the fiber, length, texture, color and absence or presence of scars are all to be reckoned with.

The business is fascinating in all departments: The buying, manufacturing and selling. Each season is a new chapter in the long story of the ostrich plume. For this airy splendor feather has nodded upon the head of beauty and waved from the helmets of the brave for many years. Long before

The helmet and the helmet feather. Burned like one burning plume together, on Lamoulet's dauntless head, or Guinevere looked distractingly beautiful in the "light green tuft of plumes she bore," the ostrich plume had lent its state to high occasions.

Although ostrich plumes hold first place in the matter of decorations for the hat and coiffure, ostrich fibers are worked up into other decorative pieces. Pompons and many airy fancy branchings are seductively placed on the latest millinery. In Fig. 1 a hat from a great French designer is covered with spiral tufts of ostrich and a plume that suggests in coloring and form tossing seaweed.

In Fig. 2 the group of three upstanding plumes illustrates the favorite way of all the myriad ways in which plumes have been placed on hats, a rich and stately decoration, while in Fig. 3 a novel mounting is shown—eccentric, but full of style.

Ostrich, especially in high grades, is a good investment for women who can afford it. It will not grow less valuable, but will be more expensive as time goes on.

Two Pretty Centerpieces That May Be Easily Made.

The wild carrot design, so well adapted to hand needlework, is shown here in an unusually odd centerpiece



Odd Centerpiece.

conception. It may be worked entirely solid or with the little eyelets to contrast, and should prove decidedly attractive when finished.

This graceful 24-inch centerpiece to be done in solid embroidery, with the blossoms in French knots, will prove



Graceful Design.

attractive to the practical needlewoman. It is a new design and is exceedingly popular on account of its attractiveness when finished.

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## DON'T SELL THE DAIRY HEIFERS—RAISE THEM

Use a Good Sire and Improve the Standard of Your Herd  
—By Wilbur J. Fraser, Chief in Dairy Husbandry, Illinois University.

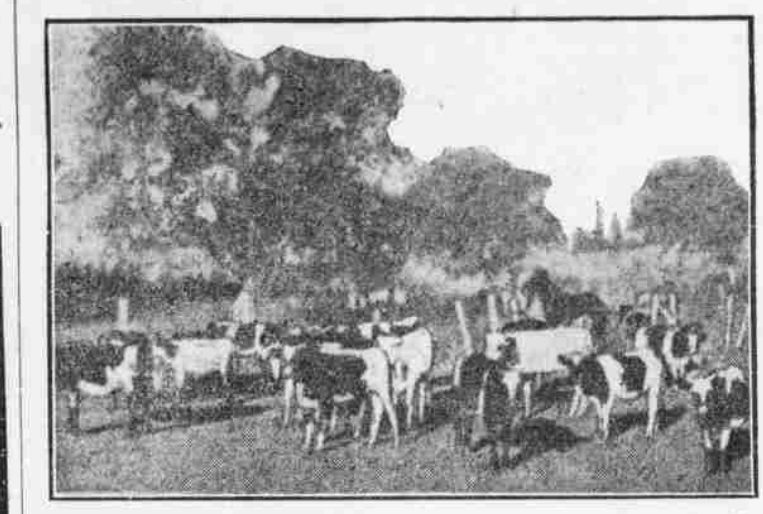
Many dairymen are not raising their heifer calves; instead the herd is replenished by buying cows. Four professional cow buyers sold about 7,000 cows in the vicinity of Elgin, Ill., alone, last year; besides this many cows were shipped in by the dairymen themselves. On many dairy farms the heifer calves, good, bad and indifferent, go for veal. Where this is done it means there is no provision for perpetuating the dairy herd or the best cows in it.

The dairyman from whom the Illinois station bought cow No. 1 with a

The sale value of the milk fed these calves was as follows:

150 lb. whole milk @ \$1 per 100.....\$1.50  
60 lb. skim milk @ \$0.30 per 100.....1.80  
Total.....\$3.30

And these prices of milk are liberal, especially as they are paid at the farm, and no money or labor is expended in hauling the milk to market. It is not so expensive to raise a calf as the dairymen have thought. The grain and hay consumed by the heifers of high quality will give much better returns than the same feed fed to cows.



A Shrewd Young Financier's Clever Deal in Picking Up These Sacrificed Heifers at from Two to Three Dollars Apiece.

three years' record of 405 pounds of butter fat per year, was making no effort to perpetuate her superior qualities but was selling her calves at \$2.50 each. This is certainly a ruinous practice to the dairy business.

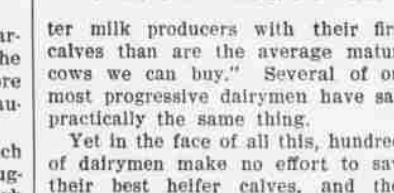
The cow buyer cannot get enough really good cows to supply his purchasers, as but few of the best cows are for sale. The dairyman himself must raise the heifer calves of his best cows and not depend on anybody's offerings to replenish his herd. He has the breeding stock, the feed—cheap feed—and the equipment. Calf-raising is a natural part of his business. It is absurd to suppose that as a rule he can buy as good cows as he can raise. The reasons are plain. He needs to retain but few calves each year and can sell the less-promising ones. He knows the parentage of the calves and need save none but those from high-producing mothers. It is far easier to sell inferior stock (to the butcher) than to buy cows that are excellent producers.

A prominent dairyman of the state says of his grade herd: "The heifers we raise from our best cows are bet-

ter milk producers with their first calves than are the average mature cows we can buy." Several of our most progressive dairymen have said practically the same thing.

Yet in the face of all this, hundreds of dairymen make no effort to save their best heifer calves, and they think they have a reason. They say it takes too much milk. This question was carefully investigated with 48 calves by the Illinois experiment station. Twelve calves at a time were tested at four different times. It was found they could be successfully raised on 150 pounds of whole milk and 400 pounds of skim milk. This milk was fed at the rate of ten pounds per day until the calves were 50 days old, when it was gradually lessened one pound per day for ten days and then no more was fed. No substitutes for milk were used. Only ordinary grains which the farmer produces, and a good quality of legume hay were fed, showing that the dairyman can raise a calf in this way with almost no extra trouble. Several of these calves are now cows in milk and good producers, indicating that they were not injured by this method of raising.

The Bull is One-Half of the Herd.



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From generation to generation the succession of well-selected sires goes on increasing and intensifying the improvement of the herd. In this way the sire becomes three-fourths, seven-eighths, fifteen-sixteenths, etc., of the herd. In fact in a few years the sire is practically "the whole thing."

So the sire may be much more than half the herd whether judged by the quantity, strength, quality or accumulated effect of the characteristics he transmits. It is literally true that the sire may thus, within a few years, at slight expense, completely transform a dairy herd and double its profit.

Every man who has had any extended experience or observation in the use of a good pure-bred sire from high-producing dams at the head of a dairy herd, will agree that this sire was of peculiar value and great economy in building up the herd. The records of dairy breeding have proved it conclusively a thousand times over. No man who studies the facts can doubt it. The evidence is to be seen in the heifers of every such sire, and in their contrast with heifers lacking such parentage.

Sweeping the Floors.

If salt is thrown over the carpet before sweeping it will clean the carpet and make it easier to sweep.

Many housewives sprinkle water on the broom before sweeping, to collect the dust and keep it from blowing around the room.

To Be Agreeable.

The girl who gets a grievance, who feels herself ill used, who is quite sure that nobody understands her, has a mental ailment and needs treatment.

Now, I am going to prescribe. The best cure is action. Fill every hour of the day with interests. Acquire a hobby (many people speak slightly of a hobby, but a hobby is a great thing). Throw yourself with enthusiasm into all you do. Try to make everybody you meet happy. Forget that you yourself exist, and the first thing you know you will acquire that wholesome, happy state of mind which is the most beneficial of traits.

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Great care must be taken to get the ditches where all the ground can be covered with water, also not to plow

up any more crops than is absolutely necessary, keeping, if possible, the ditches along roadsides, fences, etc.

Now, with the ditches properly run on a piece of ground, the next question is to get a sufficient quantity of water to travel over the land faster than the spot which is being irrigated will consume it. With the water turned on it is customary to run it night and day until the field is irrigated.

In my experience I find the greatest difficulty is in finding a man that has a disposition to do the required work. What is the required work? Get up at four o'clock in the morning, go out and change the water from the place it has been running all night. Irrigate the short runs in day time, leaving the long runs for the night; shoveling out the ditch; shoveling up the ditch banks; putting in wing ditches to reach a high spot, or doing whatever is necessary to improve the condition.

The writer of this article has carried his blankets into the field and partially slept for a short time within 40 rods of his own house so that the water could be changed every hour during the night in time of scarcity.

In conclusion I wish to say an irrigator possessing the knowledge of irrigation and the qualities mentioned above is a jewel and a blessing to his employer at almost any price.

## TEN YEARS OF BACKACHE.

Thousands of Women Suffer in the Same Way.

Mrs. Thos. Dunn, 153 Vine St., Columbus, Ohio, says: "For more than ten years I was in misery with backache. The simplest household completely exhausted me. I had no strength or ambition, was nervous and suffered headache and dizzy spells. After these years of pain I was despairing of ever being cured when Doan's Kidney Pills came by my notice and their use brought quick relief and a permanent cure. I am very grateful."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

BATHING AN INDIAN IDOL.

Curious Ceremony Attended by Thousands of Devout Pilgrims.

Thousands of pilgrims from the various outlying villages and other parts of the Hooghly district poured in from an early hour in the morning to the temples of Jagannath, says the Calcutta Statesman.

The image of the god is placed on a conspicuous part of the temple, so that it can be viewed at an advantage by the immense crowd of pilgrims, and there at a certain fixed hour the bathing ceremony commences.

The most curious part of the festival is that water is not poured on the image of the god until a certain small bird is found sitting on the topmost banner of the temple. There is a popular belief that the bird comes from Puri, the famous place of Hindu pilgrimages, to Mahesh on the day of this festival, and his very presence is an indication that the ceremony should commence. Immediately after the bath the bird disappears.

EYESIGHT WAS IN DANGER

From Terrible Eczema—Baby's Head a Mass of Itching Rash and Sores—Disease Cured by Cuticura.

"Our little girl was two months old when she got a rash on her face and within five days her face and head were all one sore. We used different remedies but it got worse instead of better and we thought she would turn blind and that her ears would fall off. She suffered terribly, and would scratch until the blood came. This went on until she was five months old, then I had her under our family doctor's care, but she continued to grow worse. He said it was eczema. When she was seven months old I started to use the Cuticura Remedies and in two months our baby was a different girl. You could not see a sign of a sore and she was as fair as a newborn baby. She has not had a sign of the eczema since. Mrs. H. F. Budke, LeSueur, Minn., Apr. 15 and May 2, '07."

AN INGENIOUS BEGGAR.



AN INGENIOUS BEGGAR.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

W. A. RAY, President, Toledo, O. J. C. HENRY, Secretary, Toledo, O. J. C. HENRY, Secretary, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Bought Crusoe's Firelock.

Hilda B. White of Philadelphia has purchased the firelock used by Alexander Selkirk, Defoe's original Robinson Crusoe on the island of Juan Fernandez, at a sale in Edinburgh. The relic has an authentic pedigree, and for a long time was in the possession of Selkirk's relatives in Fife-shire, Scotland. The price paid for the gun was \$160.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. F. Fitch.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

He Had It.

A teacher in a certain high school once asked one of her pupils the meaning of the word vacuum. Imagine her amusement when he replied: "Why, Miss S, I have it in my head, but I just can't think of it."

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar is good quality all the time. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Don't thank your friends a lemon; treat them to lemonade.

One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best of the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.